

The language in use is an enjoyable collection of a being interacting the discorsal inevitability of recent communication with an interface of human and machine. This one manifests the involvement of the lands, the people, the ideas and the structuring beauty of a transmission.



Wajdan Raza is a teaching staff at the University of Karachi.

SHE IS TRANSMITTED

WRITELEFT



BY THE SAME
AUTHOR

a series of
SUBJECT TALKS

MUSICAL CHANGING KIDS

SECOND SELF

SKETCH NOT SCRIBBLE

UNIVERSITY ONSET

صحیح بعد حرکتِ لمس یہاں

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SHE IS TRANSMITTED

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WRITELEFT is a creative property.

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FOR VERY KARACHIITES

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A citation	1
A son	2
More you sweat in peace	4
Less you bleed in war	
Aura and aroma	5
A bridge	6
PROSAIC	
At a bridge	8
O Perfume da Memoria	32
On campus	37
Human sex	43
Purdah	49
What if I do it for the government?	53
The cactus	58
A course	61
Being honest	65
Friends	69

-

POETIC	
My writing hand	80
The country	81
Picture	82
Malaysia	83
The heal	84
A poem	86
The black	87
A road	89
The moment	91
It's Christmas	94
19 Jamadul Awwal	96
A nocturnal experience	97
On Palestine	101
On my friend	103
She's gone	104
Kind cold	106
His birth	110
Come and grip	112

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She is transmitted

114

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A citation

The unity of humor about middle-class man is rippled on the surface by contrasts between mid-western and eastern humor, between humor of cultivated and colloquial groups, and between that of self-educated writers and those trained universities. In general, the best-known specialists in 'low' language were self-educated mid westerners. During the first fifteen years or so of the new century, the urbane wit and humor of such cultivated easterners...

The American Humorist

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A son

merai betai ka blog perhaa?

The cousin's utterance reminded me of my father's love at a bus stop of Trahai Mohri, a suburb of the city, when a speedy public bus had almost taken me away from him. Pushed back to a safe corner by the passengers' bodies at the danger spot of the footrest of the overcrowded vehicle, I managed listening to a two-word expression of love for me and hate for the bus engine: munjho putr!

The plea and the complaint made it stop for an ungraceful exit to the road of carts and cars. I got off and walked back to him feeling an attachment to the bond that I had learned in my studies of Shakespearean plays of beautiful years of English renaissance. Panting together, Abbu, the elder brother, the friend and I walked down to a village. He began catching fish while I preferred a sleep under a tree of ancient times. Even if there is no unanimity among us about the blogger's reactionary

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thought about life and society, it does convey the blogger's growing concern of/about a disconnection with the world, family ties and friendship bonds. The blogger's German relatives' continuity, the brother's Australian immigration, the friend's life struggle, Abbu's sudden death and my ink to pen down add to the journey.

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More you sweat in peace Less you bleed in war

I used to see the slogan mounted at the hilltop of PAF Base-Korangi while passing security gates in too shiny afternoons of 2005. I had just recovered from a knee fracture and began learning walking again. The purpose-built higher educational institution, open to economics and technology, had made me too cautious about the limbs' movement on the slippery floors in the first two years. Air officers' patronage turned out into a learning-teaching communication for a public discourse. Mr Khaild Husain's reiteration to firmness and politeness to this public domain was central to receive editorial guidance from Mr Agha Khalil Ahmed and Mr Wasi Zaidi and unflinching confidence from Mr Khayyam Durrani. They were British in their spirits and excellent educated minds of Pakistan Air Force.

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Aura and aroma

Seated on a repaired chair neatly placed behind a big table bordered with brown sheesham and covered with dark green rexine sheet I was all ears and eyes to one of my colleagues' poetic recitations for Muhammad (peace be upon him) in a room of the University of Karachi. The room's wearied outlook was a popular narrative of public property. Its distribution had two sides to share with the colleagues. The centre had space to invite commentary and discussion. Faiz Ahmed Faiz and Muhammad Iqbal were remembered and public policy and resistance were reluctantly related to national ideologues and ideologies. The reluctance's realization into the policy was a reference to a TED talk about the role of institutions to enhance trust and access the masses. Both dart-games pegged down above the only visitor's chair were increasing my room's section's unorthodox ambiance's magnitude. Books and shelves had almost been wrapped into dust. They left the room for me. I had been overwhelmed by human influence by then.

A bridge

The distraction caused by an unusual act of keeping a handkerchief between the palm and the notebook's sheets to protect the notes from sweat was Fasih's usual practice in Sukkur's high school's room and an attachment to a friendship of mine. I have driven hours to spend precious moments in his Old Sukkur's room for teaching the Quran and Sunnah for chats about life and the city's policies. He is an embodiment of openness and refinement. Although I have a good circle of friendship, his traits have left an indelible mark. I began offering prayers regularly in childhood and came to know about wazoo's usefulness and discipline in a Muslim's life. He motivated me to spend time on physical training, as I was a book lover of grade-six and had had a strict study time in evenings. I would spend calculated hours on subjects in a week. His advice was translated into immense self-confidence in educational performances and a new role of life discipline. Later on, the engagement turned into Karate in Karachi.

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PROSAIC

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At a bridge

A brain waves. Its currency determines life cycle to move a man to his world in a condition maintaining a life to imbibe what the nature holds for it and thrusts what it desires to depict reality relationships punched up and down, gone fast and slow and lived low and high. Having heard and seen in hertz on digital screens of educated minds to fancy a life in each frequency and its visualization persisting to happen inwardly, I think to stay even in a state of aberration, mutter a word to function the present and write a combination for a material growth of existence realized in a sixty-mosque zone of the biggest city of the Islamic world.

I had gone weak after a long drive to the tomb of the assassinated and polemically terminated prime ministers in Sindh and for an undesirable event of spiritual friendship with an eternally slept soul in a Karachi's outskirt. These slept souls would speak Sindhi to grow politically strong and spiritually

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connected with the Almighty and His last prophet Muhammad (PBUH). I had heard a sound that time passed and people lived had witnessed the waves of the day. Both places were hot and harsh. To my amazement, the locals had a noticeable humility for the foreigners eager to see and search for the truth and taste. I noticed that the fields leading to it were red and radiating under the green leaves and bushes. Their scathing waves being transferred to my lower limbs were a reminder of the bitter truth of the nation built to live again. The bloodshed of Dhaka's separation from the homeland had the same colour of truth but different meaning and men for the lords of Larkana. Haider remained quiet and supported him. He helped me leave wreaths of yellow and red roses on some sides of beautifully designed marbled epithets in the dark blue big bulbous building. While driving back to my birth place we stopped at my mom's for pickles' bottles and sat for milk ice-creams in a popular Hindu's eatery. 'What do you want, sir?', said the young boy. Clad in a local dress, he was anxious to serve me at the eatery. His weary eyes were all open in the afternoon confiding that he had come to serve us. Haider loved the food and wanted to have handstitched bedsheets from the big market of such a small town of a filthy rich lord. I bought one as a gift for him. The fleshy four wheelers had made the inhabitants merely slaves symbolizing the destitution of belief in democratic values and absence of their voices for a win. The girls' school that the mom

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had attended was welcoming and clean. The women were buying on fairly clean roads of ancient culture of hospitality. Larkana's melancholic mood had also disappeared after some miles but sadness was all far-reaching.

Purple. Brain waves at theta hertz for relaxation and sleep are not only good for memory but also important to go with temporal conditions of events for successes and achievements. If they are improved with white noise, they can give even better results to learning communities. My health deterioration had confined me in bed for months. I was almost unconscious, hardly eating to taste. The face I would see in the bathroom mirror had lost my identity and the head intoxicated. I had stopped. The lower limbs that I would paddle the old car to work had stiffened. I was observing a different world in the confinement of sleep. The waves stayed slow. A mind was taking a shape outside his residence before the month of Muslims' Ramadan. Haider looking at my greying face said, 'Let's go to the sea!'. 'I cannot drive, man.', I replied. He took me on his motorbike to a rather dirty water of the city's sea anchoring beautifully large vessels.

A saint again. He said to me, 'why do we need this man to help the world now?'

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'It's good to come, you see. Life needs such practices.'

'It's all social, man. We need the hertz to live. It has that frequency. Just sit.'

Haider had realized the significance of interaction at that moment of time. I would go to the mosque for prayers and sit on a chair on an encroached place of the pavement of a blue-coloured learning institution of higher education under Pakistan armed forces and sipped tea with him in the evening. The hustle had disturbed the hertz pattern. We added fried potato seasoned with lemon's zest and salty water to boost the disturbance.

'How are you feeling now?'

'A bit better here. Do you remember the people of Sindh?'

'Yes, I do.'

'They were too serious, weren't they?'

'Yes, they were.'

'They did not crack jokes. The lands were too hot. The tomb was too dark.'

'Yes, they were.'

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Haider was chubby, understanding and intelligent. He would not talk but eat. He believed in food for health. He was busy helping his family for it before he planned to come to do it for him in the zone of sixty mosques.

'When will you remove this big tummy?'

'I am trying. Help me too.'

'How can I do it for you?'

'Pray if you cannot do anything.'

'Will it be removed when you leave the world?'

'Yes, it will be.'

A pizza shop just opposite to the pavement was planning to sell its food. Showing religious affinities in their names and boards other shops around were meant to cater to the nearest residents. The central mosque behind the institution and parallel with the two-way wide road connecting Karachi would attract both of them, the workers and travelers. It was just a liberal market. The message preached in the mosque was Arabic and Urdu. The Almighty's glory would be testified with some thematic addresses about control and death and rejection of human liberty and choice. The religious interpretation was free from the constraints of time and place. The language the preachers and disciples were using could not be the true depiction of the revelation upon the Prophet (peace be upon

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him) but a relief from the events of life of the past to approach the present for an oxymoronic future. Life's rejection was contrasted with the increasing human population of the Muslim community. Hundreds of young brains began sitting on the same pavement, cracking jokes and fighting for no reason. Haider introduced Abu to me in an entertaining evening in the presence of the crowd. The pizza shop had closed down and an estate merchant with the same affinities was all ready to offer an oxymoronic life to the residents. Saleem's house's open area between the main gate and the stairs had evenly been covered with papery purpled petaled salvia in the season changing the visitor's mood. His and his neighbours' houses had this common colour this season.

Abu was the nicest man on earth. Clean shaven, fairly complexed, fluent in Arabic, religiously happy, erect in physique and very gregarine were just few traits defining him. Love, haste and too much walk hardly allowed him to become a member of the clergymen group he regularly met at different mosques of the zone every day. He took me to some beautifully designed and managed ones and helped spend time there. They remembered the Almighty and believed in His help in testing times. I wanted to see the structural history of all these praying

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halls that the Prophet (peace be upon him) initiated in the Arabic world.

'I like the places, not the people.'

'Well, I like the people.'

'Why?'

'Muslims who offer prayers and do good are important. They meet here.'

'True. I do not know why the places I like the most. I think the ones who conceive, build and maintain them are far dearer to me than the visitors, aren't they?'

There was another disagreement between us. Abu loved paying attention to human understanding as the main faculty of his existence while I did not.

'When we understand each other, we can benefit and improve.'

'Not really. Don't be offended, please. If it is a matter of love, it has its chemistry to follow,' I replied.

'What is it?'

'Love does not allow one to show repression through the faculty. Rather, it works on its own.'

'How come?'

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'What you intend to understand is not really understanding to govern, it is just a judgement that a human may go wrong at, you see.'

'I do not know.'

'Feelings and emotions may silently guide to support love. The Almighty supports it too, doesn't it?'

'But a human cannot be considered as rational and sane if he does this all the time.'

'In love, make an attempt to understand is a sin.'

It was raining cats and dogs. Abu was in contact with me driving back to the central mosque from work in the evening. The roads had almost been drowned. The vehicles had stopped moving but his was to the destination. Abu began speaking Arabic surprisingly when he saw me entering. It was all pleasant. My perception about the event occurring in Arab was furthered when both of us offered the prayers for the Almighty's blessing from the heavens. The city's lost brightness in air pollution, poisonous waste, broken roads, months old settled dust on the walls and roadsides were felt in Abu's words for the downpour as a blessing. COVID-19 had weakened. I had lost my dad. The muddiest water on the earth did not enter the worship place. Life changes were frequent. The water had washed the dirty, old places, offering a link to everyone's bodily presence in the

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bungalows, suites, small houses, shanties and pavements and shop corners of Haidery's Market, a kilometer away from the religious centre. My father was the sweetest man and extraordinarily tailored to the service of the land of his destiny. His pigmentation was heavenly and the dust settled was away from the words of his that I speak every day. The skies did not discriminate and the lands marked it to everyone. The deprivation seems to have become a point of life's accessibility. The French named tea shop, Tea Osto, next to an old Pushto-speaking seller of fresh fruit on a wheeled cart and a blackened haired, brown skinned typical Urdu speaking small group for fish and lobsters, was the nearest unwinding open place amid Karachi's typically popular chewing and smoking tobacco showcased place for everyone, unlicensed two and four wheeled motor workers, a food centre named religiously synonymous with a holy place of the Prophet (PBUH), and a money bank neon lit for its Anglicized Arabic-origin name for him. The three were on the dark brown chairs for tea in Chinese porcelain made cups. Abu's religious fervour had accepted the changes but my eyes had gone lazy. Their weariness was probably indicating the mental state unable to process the images, the actions and the emotions chemically congruent with the life performance. The water had made it clear to me.

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'The place at the armed forces' institution is safe, Abu.'

'Come on, Haider. The weather is pleasant. The people are happy. Cannot you see it?'

'But it is Ramadan. Two robbers snatched money and smart phones yesterday.'

'Let's keep everything precious in my car.'

'That sounds good.'

'You know Indian music and lyrics are beautiful. Let me sing.'

'Wow!'

'I don't have an instrument unluckily. Let me add some beat to it.'

'Music, dance and women are life.'

'Yes, life ceases to exist if women aren't coupled with us, Abu.'

'Do you remember my car official sticker was removed from the place of the armed forces? This French name is safe.'

I was busy reading some lines in a red hard covered Quran usually shelved in a small open box mounted on the mosque's wall and liked their connecting waves. The place was simple. The students of the madrassa were reciting loudly. Abu brought in some Quranic prayers. A man in a religious beard on a chair showed him a cellular phone's application for popular recitation styles. He was a qaari, a professional reciter. I saved his phone number in cell phone's directory, shook hands and smiled.

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'I don't recite, Abu.'

'You should. You know it is in the scriptures.'

'What is seen is read if one is a Muslim.'

'How come, man?

'The brain helps the mind in the shortest way if it is not a political reality.'

'The religion is a reality.'

'Well, I see it a spiritual relationship now. To make it a reality of some political sense is craziness today.'

'I think we should sit.'

'Let's move to the French tea shop,' I helped go out.

The Prophet's first sundried mud made mosque for the community's prayers in Madina for protection and direction had a foundation for meetings for educational, social and political purposes in a Damascus' Ummayad's mosque. Some schools, libraries and universities were established to protect and promote the performance of surrendering to the Almighty. Here, at the shop, the evening was too bright. There were many coloured incandescent lamps at the shop for happiness. Some simple Arabic food was made available to the visitors too.

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While I was reading the Quran in the mosque in an evening of such days of monsoon, Abu encouraged me to recite. I maintained my quietness to continue the silent seen act on some papers of the red-coloured hardcover scriptures, knowing that they were enough for a Muslim disengaged from the interacting society. 'The reciters show engagements with a community of Islamic civilizations. You see, Muslim women living in a Chinese province select praying words from the scriptures to recite to be closer to the blessings of the Almighty by being musically similar to the gender, age, ethnicity and community. Language that is in the body and the brain is both socially conditioned and cognitively organized to exhibit a knowledge structure in human sound, meaning and music. You know, they become one or grow independently. The relationships that a human mind desires to have are connected to a multitude, a race, a gene and a history. The rhythm of sound and silence and the emotional depth of human history's behavioural grades into melody and harmony have been in the recitation. Let's fancy that harmony is politically and socially depicted and melody be species' connections and developments. What we can doubt about harmony in the present history of Muslims. Most aazans, the public invitation to a gathering of religious prayers in a mosque, are no longer harmonious.

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I remembered my professor's words while reading an article about seen actions' reproduction for learning purposes, authored by Brandies University's Robert Sekular, Aafia Siddiq, Nikhil Goyal and Rohin Rajan and published in 2003 in an American journal. Ms Siddiq's eighty-one years' imprisonment in the US against some charges of physical assault and unauthorized arms use was a difficult political imagery in his newly acquired apartment located closer to the professor's place of living surrounded by food centres and beauty salons and her sister's house safeguarded by a visible presence of some Islamists. Mr Sekular's published studies in the same disciplines were on the university's portal. The professor's public university's other corner had hardcore religious schools and increasing expensive, luxurious houses, a bit different from the urban, city poshness. However, this corner of the professor, Ms Siddiq and his had a developing trend towards a cosmetic lifestyle. The cellphones' browsing history seems to have been an indicator of human instincts for food, information and sex. Despite the dilapidation, the old apartments and buildings were being accommodated by angry, anxious young males and young females in pairs of pants and veils. Some women's ugliness was their unnecessary, unnatural occupation of public corners, too much body fat, bad odour, unhealthy socialization for their families and community, and bad quality body revealing clothing and drapers. Some men were frequently seen

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in the small praying area named as a mosque for religious purposes. The kids in a company used to look at the mothers without a lumbar spine support sitting at a mounted clean surface that every pedestrian and driver would pass by.

'Let's go to have some tea at Tea Osto,' he wanted me to go to the place.

'Sure, Abu. We need it badly.'

We sat on Chinese plastic chairs.

'Have you read the message and completed the tasks about the story about Franz Kafka, the girl and the doll?'

'Yes, I have.'

'Good! What is the story about?'

'The story is about the three but is not written by Kafka.'

'Correct. It is a Facebook verse, isn't it?'

'Yes, you are right.'

'Kafka met a girl who had lost her dear doll. His help in the search failed but succeeded in a contact with her. His letters to her were a suspension. She had almost accepted that they were written by the doll who had gone to the world tour. He had made her believe so. Later, he sent her a doll. She complained about the difference. He sent her another letter making her believe that

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the doll, who could not speak but write this one too, had changed physically. She happily accepted that different doll. Life has some connections, does not it?’

‘I would like to go with the idea of Kafka. He’s sweet.’

‘Alright. If you support the idea of the suspension, do you really think it is a healthy relationship building for life or a distorted, perverted life image?’

‘Well, I think it’s a healthy one.’

‘How come? The girl would like to know about the reality.’

‘Even if it is false, it is good. Life needs it.’

‘So, it is a matter of human imagination, not the difficulty lying in it about truth and false. This imagination is intelligence, isn’t it? Both are in the imagination. They are in contact, aren’t they? The imagination needs this corrupt participation of life.’

‘What can I say? I know the third task that the option of an unthinking, emotional support to the girl is not true for us, for sure,’ Abu said.

‘I think this perversion leads to a life sex,’ I replied.

‘What is it?’

‘It has mental and physical agreements and discords. Life and fight, guns and roses, you see!’

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Seen culture is not a violation but a practice of forming and gathering visual information, with some degrees of good match with established knowledge available to a group belief, even if it is done through technological advancements, but what is problematic is the tech's indiscriminate utilization in public domain for the same purpose that has a great gap of knowledge fulfilment. The informational structure in the wired world is a digitally configured algorithm found display of (future) occurrence on a compatible screen and machine. Even if it helps form an apple that refers to some fruit of sweetness with some love shape and shade, it may lose or change its meaning because of electronic informational contributions made by thousands of people of the related fields of studies. The semantic affinity that a person loves to have in the mind for knowledge fulfillment is exposed to thinking dissimilarity for a perfect unacceptability of a clone of meaning in general. A semantic clone that the world of order demands is released into a creative potential behaviour of existence for regrouping participation of human and humanlike individuals connected to a thinking frame of idea popularity within themselves.

I had seen a news clip about a rather quick release of a male Muslim civil activist voicing for politically weak minority groups

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of religions in Karachi before he and I left for the mosque in the car.

'Democratization seems to have been theorized into multicentricity of ideas, people and places for the order and reason', I talked. 'Its referentiality that is hard to determine as the creative instability of meaning formation should been seen as a conflict of interest between the statecraft and the creative flow of the people.'

I saw and read the lines of the scripture after the prayers. A reading paper presented with exclusivity of democracy for learning- or learner-centred community development in the States was there. Al-Gore's political canvass about climate change for American people was a true lecture and/or content based English learning motivation for the learners in Pakistan. The Almighty's past into present shape creation steeped into my temporal imagination has historically been worded in his Prophet, Muhammad (SAWW), and the poetic praise in sync for community music. The sky is as true as the word is. Its associative meanings are shapes of man's creations. The celestial seen, imagined, morphed, uttered and written into meaning lines and shapes for evidence and the future is American and the words for the Prophet Arabic. My sufi was

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waiting for me at his forty-square yards' place of living in the evening.

'So much to eat on this *dasterkhwaan*, Faisalabad's dining cloth, my friend! How are you doing?'

'Fatima will tell you about my health,' the sufi said to me.

'Daddy's fine and takes Hasnain to the nearest mosques every evening. We perform the same at home,' said she.

'That's nice. What is in the performance?'

'It is all good. It's Sunnah.'

I gifted some money to both kids for sweets and had a long chat with him in that beautifully cornered sofa sets' space for two interlocutors.

'Sufi, why is it important to have a man to connect to the celestial relationship of the Almighty? I think you should reconsider this insistence. You know, it is not that biblical in its truest spirit, but the history has a lineage to travel and stabilize its meaning for the mental displacement of the being the Almighty has tasked to labour for Muslims separated from historically coined one from the word Ummah to Arabic one to Islamic and to us living in Pakistan and talking in this space after

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some uneasy visits to Thatta's Sajjawal's shrines. The girl in red desi suit wasn't tranquilized, Sufi. She fell unconscious right at the site of the decorated graveyard. I was hit too. A more blackening light, you know, was seen before the spiritual impact of a dramatic shift to a tragedy in the dusk. I could not drive back comfortably either.'

'You do not like girls, I know,' he said quietly.

'My friend, how is to make it untrue if our friendship is true?'

My rare laughter and the sufi's causal smile were not appreciated by the latter's second wife. He had divorced the first and got hitched with her later. The feeling that I calculated was a part of my religious compassion. My regular meetings with Abu were normalizing in the setting of the mosque, the French tea shop, the odd and old shops and the armed forces' institution, a thirty-minutes' car drive away. A mishap, just outside the mosque, was almost a pre-appointed ethnic riot between Urdu-speaking and Pushto-speaking displaced souls living peacefully in the city. A red head scarf Pushto-speaking male group of four had almost stopped the car and succeeded to have a word with Abu while my alertness could not help establish the contact. Had it been done so as it was seen, both

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friends and the vehicle could have received a physical damage. They decided to avoid that abnormally normalizing life of the town and began staying at a Quetta's origin's Pushto-speaking teashop located at American styled residential and commercial lines under the influence of a religiously different place, an Imam Bargah for Hussainis. The mosque for us was smaller and needed a better cleaner for its toilets. It was different from the Bargah's worshippers. In fact, the area of ablution was slippery. An old man had had a slipping injury but saved himself.

'Abu, everything's fine but the word baitulkhala for toilets is abnormal. Too Arabic word may be misinterpreted in this non-Arabic nation. You know, bait is frequently used for places here. The world is a shit. Should I call it the same?'

'Look at the shops' neon signboards. They are amazing, aren't they?'

'Yes, they are. The boards and the shops have added a different value to the area here. A popular Urdu-speaking-Pashtun-community member of India's origin's politician in recent city's law courts' litigations has served here.'

'Meet Shah Sahab of the teashop.'

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I did it and continued the talk with Abu for hours in the evening. Shah Sahab sat for minutes and talked too. We had hot milk tea, parathas, kababs and omelets. He showed his smart phone's application to us.

'What is it, Shah Sahab?'

'Look at the screen. The lens will see the English words of the product Pepsi's wall poster and translate into Urdu.'

'What if a bad word was translated back into an imaginative instability of meaning of some form or some sign, Shah Sahab? Abu, what is your take?'

Abu smiled but Shah Sahab walked back to his place of the service for twenty-hours for all visitors. The wave strength for its generation through or caused by some chemical organization into the brain and the rest of the body is usually verbalized in such speech conditions and speech production of some influence when it meets the felicity. The seen is felt and responded artistically, badly, clumsily and dramatically at the point of the singularity of the belief of an idea of its origination even if it is differently realized. The actions that the brain and the rest of the body acquire are executable when engaged with the world. The month of Ramadan was beautiful as it had been for me since my childhood. I used to spend my saved pocket-

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money to buy Indian pokaras and samosas from a cart for my mom when she was young and lived in a red-brick house of Sukkur. I knew she was the only Rozadaar in the old, amazingly multi-storied with thirty plus stair cases to the roof. Upon her instructions, I did some duas on the prayer's mat and offered a meal to the central's mosque's Imam and Moazzan on Thursdays, in the absence of my brothers and dad busy in an art shop with an English name for the family. My employment at a public university had been relaxed in the month. However, I delivered my lectures and offered the prayers in the central mosque in the afternoon. Mass higher educational themes in the developing nations had also drawn attention to some liberal values of gender roles, women participation, democratic state-operation, post pan-Islamists' liberal and rigid formulation to a common cataphoric living conditions' problems in the most cross-ethnically populated city of the country. Non-Islamic scenes in the educational setting had been captured, wired and put on the public cables before a woman's suicidal attack at Pakistan's armed forces' security personnel and Chinese teaching team was methodically operated. A very bad picture of the nation was on the television screen the same day. I had received the new car sticker and could walk on the uneasy non-pedestrian road after removing my living to the university.

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'You must walk for ten minutes now.'

'Abu, the lower limbs do not allow me to do so every day. I am better though. The university has an amazingly large group of female students. It is disturbing too. Scandalous and sex perverted scenes have turned common. You know, it is not a women's college. It is a university for everyone for a single reason of studying, researching and betterment. I was asked to report to a group of three ill-informed or ill-intended ladies for a justification about some young girls from the age group of my nieces studying in different disciplines in the same premises. You know, it is ridiculous. They do not care about the process of the reason of the university. They tend to become a part of the public psyche, deprived of the liberty Islam has allow to achieve in certain conditions.'

'This is not good for the nation.'

'Not at all! The developed world cannot come to help. You see, the recent suicide attack, abnormal political achievements in public institutions for radicalization, unsupportive spaces for mass higher education of economically weak girls and such cheap women tarnishing wired scenes have stopped the best service men and women of the nation.'

'Education has its impact upon a society.'

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'Perhaps, it used to have in the past. The market and liberal conjectures have almost controlled this idea constituent of some representation of specifications to generalizations. Big American universities have lost the attractions amongst the national political leaders. The massification has turned into a different value of networking, beyond the meaning of the word society. Public funds cannot be used to support the reason because of public, you see. She needs it for sustenance.'

'Let's have tea.'

I seem to have stopped Fatima's like performance of the prayers. My brain and the body were tortured when I wanted to regularize them in the city. The sufi never insisted. He did not do it in the recent interaction. His wife greeted and called me her brother. Husnain was not fine either. The political drama, the public psyche and the global trending were not seen as Sunnah. My workplace was finely served. I was thinking to do some business differently too.

O Perfume da Memoria

O Perfume da Memoria was in the late image of him recalling life and religion in a late night of Muslims' holy month of Ramadan in a refurbished floor's apartment of love for everything and everyone, separated with a bricked wall from an institution of higher learning and its land of flora symbolizing the feeling's toughness in the Arabian Sea politically contested and democratically failed to win the hearts for the people's religion.

Irfan's young daughter's contact with her cats in the same hours, behind the crystal window to the daybreak, could not be seen. Her apparently younger and healthier sis was looking for one of them the night she had fallen broken on the ground, five seconds away from it. She lived in the third floor of his block facing up the security personnel for what the world could offer to the bright and nearby burka clad girls of local Pakistani languages.

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Ali had gone back to his village country, Noushero Feroz.

'Sir, my father's hand's fracture has been examined by some Pakistan Army's personnel in the recent visit. Do you remember you were worried about it when I asked for help? Sir, both health and education are too bad. The worse part of the country is the lords' and the people's hatred. They hate classroom learning. How can we grow crops in our lands?'

He joined him for employment at his small smart display for a local brand of female slippers and sandals. The last employment's termination had caused him a complete loss of food and accommodation in the city. He spoke Sindhi and religiously minoritized in the state of Pakistan. 'I want to act, work and learn, sir,' he continued. He had a black backpack that he needed at his stay at his living place. He reacted negatively when offered a stiffened orange towel from the cupboard. 'Sir, my skin is not good. It needs skin cream,' he clarified hesitantly.

The other rodent had lost the life caged and controlled in a small but beautifully built place for the two. The two girls in a French accommodation in the O Perfume de Memoria were enjoying. The first generation's civilization's sexual relationship was easy

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to find and address in that human development. Both had agreed to sit and talk. The pool of romance wanted her gratification. The other did it through her digital camera and the ears and the eyes. The affinity between them was relaxed into a European lesbian right and American movie's Milk's popularity for gays.

Yes

Bells ring in the chapel

Someone is getting married

Neither me nor her

But let's dance

Yes

As the sunset

No one

Can make it last

Yes

If it's not forever

It will stay forever

The scent of the flower

That stayed in the wind

-

Yes
It isn't there
It will stay forever
Whenever we can remember
Whenever we remember

Yes
Flowers at the window
Someone will walk by
Not looking at her
But will remember

Yes
The scent of the flowers
That stayed in the wind
Is no longer there

Yes
If it's not forever

-

It will stay forever
Whenever we remember

Yes
The scent of the flowers
That stayed in the wind
Is no longer the wind

Yes
It isn't there
It will stay forever
Whenever we can remember
Whenever we remember

The Ramadan's night should have been spent religiously, but it was a job to perform. The city's life had a world of affinities. The institution of higher learning was hardly believable in the loss of the sense and practice growing back from the third to the first civilization in the individuals and groups. The governments had to depend on the visitors passing by the flora.

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On campus

Amna: Why has it been ideal if someone of some academic value places their views on regular arguments and thoughts and empirical results?

Her friend: Yes, it has been like this for more than a century. In fact, more than that.

Amna: My professor insists upon its importance and ignores the presence of the student.

Her friend: The student has to prove their relational significance. They need not place themselves.

Amna: How is it possible? How can I help someone if they are in danger and I can see and access? I have to appear to them and let them know that the danger that they are in will disappear.

Her friend: What is it? I could not get it.

Amna: The view of a real relationship that I see and that I materialize back in the iris, behind the aperture or some part of

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the same reception for a text view and its connectivities with the brain containing my own experiences of the body and the mind is beyond the mere information of the texts of the journals and the books. I can quote and/or summarize. The subjective presence of mine is too serious even if I am not shown to anyone.

Her friend: The literary value is not the academic value.

Amna: Why is it so? Are they not in a relationship either?

Her friend: The art of performance needs its study in the academic standards. That's it. Therefore, every act of a learner and/or a professor has a predetermination.

Amna: I have a text to share. Would you like to listen to it?

Her friend: Yes, but the voice is yours. (He laughs). The language is English. It's Jalaluddin Muhammad Rumi.

Amna: Yes, it is. Coleman Barks has translated it. Its title is One silver coin for a day for forty days.

One silver coin a day for forty days

A sufi entered the battle, but when his side fell back, he did not retreat. He stayed in danger and got wounded.

He bandaged the wound, and returned to the fight.

He wanted to receive twenty wounds. He did not want to die easily, all at once, with one gesture.

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A certain man had forty silver coins. He would take one a day and toss it into the ditchwater. He was trying to teach his animal-soul how to give up greed.

"Give it up all at once," begged the soul, "so I can go into despair and be delivered from this torture."

"No." said the man. "Deliberation is my way."

Wounded again and again, the sufi finally falls and dies into the source of truth. Many raw, unready men die, and their animal-souls escape to the afterlife, but these raw souls are still thieves. The sword is shattered, and the horse killed, but the brigand still lives. Not everyone killed in battle is a martyred saint.

Die inside your life, and go on living.

Kill the animal-part with your sword. The body is your sword.

Let God handle that sword, and your identity will become bewilderingly different. You will still be an eager warrior with a deft blade, but changed. When that part dies, empties, completely empties, God takes its place. Then your only food is divine love.

(Mathnawi, V, 3810-3830)

Her friend: The soul is something that speaks and carries the body to actions and thoughts. Right? Rumi in Coleman's words in Turkey's Konya wanted to say this religiously in Persian for its transnational liberty of thought. The world is too difficult now, Amna. We do not know if the soul is ours or not. There are many English movies projecting this difficult part of life. The Frontier,

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the best web-portal for experimentation and discoveries, has Russian, American and European scientists. There are many others. My teacher has introduced it to me. It has neural networking of the brain and its processing. The world is slipped into electric wired communicating. The biological and non-biological hybrid performance of the brain is caused by or results into a thought. No one can claim if the thought is theirs. The loss of identity seems to have lost its sobriety.

Amna: Is it depersonalization?

Her friend: A false interpretation.

Amna: What is it?

Her friend: A danger.

Her friend: What should we do?

Amna: Talk. Do not receive the wounds. (She laughs).

Her friend: The heavens are ours. (He laughs).

Amna: (Speaks).

The apple is golden.

The nectar is sweet.

The day shines.

Come and grip.

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'I am old.'

She said quickly.

Her lips were dry.

The head had grown curly.

Love it is.

Passion it ni'ds.

This nature offers.

Come and grip.

'I can't bite.'

She said firmly.

Her tone was heavy.

The eyes were fixed.

Infirmity it is.

Hate it ni'ds.

Walk up to it.

Come and grip.

'The soul needs.'

She said reflectively.

The flesh was lost.

Her fingers were clean.

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Life it needs.
The heavens are blessed.
The vintage is here.
Come and grip.

Her friend: What a fine poetic form of an unusual pastoral setting of the city of Karachi! Have you composed it?

Amna: Yes. Thanks.

Her friend: Let me quote my teacher's post if it helps.

Being wrong is not being left. However, there is a chance of an agreement that being left may go wrong against being right to create a tension of life or living, not death or murdering. Universities have collaborated to go back to a Victorian past, a passive force, a radical red, an action, an academic pen play, an innovation, a rigid department, and all change agent. Idea is in the process of fixation.

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Human sex

Human sex must begin with some degree of perversion, some conflicting characteristics of a relationship hard to establish in the minds and the bodies. An expert's capacity of separating or/and identifying a plant's sex development is never sexy at all. It's just disciplined thinking—a curiosity merged into a core action of life explanation, a sort of orderliness. What makes someone attracted to the notion of the sexy is not the skin, the colour, the body or the race or the human sex itself either; it is the space of the play left for its attraction to the sexy.

Mr Isaac has three daughters and one son. The eldest daughter, Huma, a nice-looking woman of a Pushtun family, has just been married to an Indian origin good Bihari living a politically given life in Karachi. The Urdu and anti-Urdu historical conflicts for a Muslim land have a memory formation in such communities in contact with the country of ideal liberty for Muslims. She's

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admired and Ali's characteristic. They have a religion now that they regularly call Islam.

'Ali, I have sensed some serious difficulties ... if we could convince living in the country. A man of social respect employed at a public institution of higher education has no relationships with the environmental changes repeating in this own place of work zone.'

'It happens. Who cares?'

'I have heard he is a religious scholar and English literature's professor for girls and women.'

'It's always good to have such men so that such women feel their social safety. The morality's god is alive at least.'

'You know, Islamic practices may conflict if such a man is appointed to teach sex education.'

Ali's fallen ill. He needs extra care. His female nurse of an excellent city's hospital is happy now.

'Sir, would you like to have the blood pressure checked?'

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'Oh, please.'

'Sir, it's normal now. You may join back your workplace.'

'Huma, I am better. I can go to work.'

Huma's religious inclination is disturbing for him. Isaac's employment as a military officer is a rich history of her pride. She has changed the belief for a family and thinks it must improve Ali. He is a lovely man of early forties and hesitates to talk about his religion. A clean-shaven Ali is tall and tanned. She is unaware of certain flaws, rather ill.

'The dinner's good. Thanks, Huma.'

'The pleasure is mine.'

'What is the mullah's sex education? It needs to be reported. The country's Islamic, you know.'

'He was reading a passage from a Victorian life of sex and sin.'

'It is not sex education but...'

'Yes, it is not, but the text's context does it. He teaches sex and text. The believers of Christianity are too old to find the difference. I have researched the sex cells' improvement and positive chemical changes for adult's sex life if someone reads such texts.'

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'So, the mullah teaches sex and text in English.'

'He can't speak that well obviously, but manages doing it to the girls and women, most of them in the black burka. O God! It happens in a public institution of higher learning in the city.'

Ali goes back to his bed to sleep thinking continuously about the consequences of this scoop. He dreams:

A coin of a five-rupee is slipped from his right hand, wanting to take it back from the dirt-settled side of a road less travelled in the afternoon. A bright, smiling saint stops him saying, 'The world's a wonderland. Let it get what you have been blessed.'

They want to meet Isaac telling an English story of a monkey *Joo-Joo* who has lost her *Jee-Jee* to six kids. Ali has stopped her to disturb her dad's attention.'

'Assaalaamalikum, Ali and Huma. How are you doing?'

'We are great like our dad,' she chuckles.

The long-standing tree's fresh and fluttering leaves that have darkened the green add a musical meaning to the words of her

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dad. His room has a photo of his deceased wife, Kate. Her smile his daughter wears; Ali knows.

'Would you like tea and cookies?' she offers.

'Yes, please,' he accepts generously.

'Ali, the enemy is not just a body that a soldier has to kill. It has a complex thinking one has to grip to draw strength for. This may travel to anyone. The gun powder gets useless at times.'

'Sir, it is too super natural. To me, a robber is an enemy.'

'Maybe. A soldier may hesitate to decide to kill if he has weak relationships to the notion of an enemy.'

'Sir, what if a male citizen is frisked by a soldier in the city of Karachi?'

Isaac gets disturbed. Huma has the tea and the cookies. Ali knows woman's attraction may stop a soldier. Commercial films are produced for a reason. Ali dreams again:

A blue bird chirps and flies after some minutes of Fajr prayers in a mosque. He walks back to the residence. The day to come is clean. The news of some communal conflict is on the television screen. The next bird matching the blue's colour and voice perches and chirps. He smiles.

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After a day Ali meets Huma for a family. She conceives after a month. She's a medical doctor and knows the continuity.

'Huma, we have the passports and the visas to your sister's country.'

'Our baby will be born in the States. Thank God!'

The States is popular for racial integration and language growth for life improvement. It has extensively studied language's codeswitches. A code switch is commonly referred to a choice of a different language's word in your own.

Purdah

A beggar begs. He does professionally at the stop frequently. Sheema veils black and does the same. He leaves and she comes to wipe my car's windscreen swiftly and begs. The work of hers and the act of begging may confuse her intellects if she is really at honest means of work. A coin of Pak rupee or a paper note of some worth drains may energy to make her content that she works hard. Karachi is in her black veil. Her protective cover is a story of her cosmetic affairs. A book of fashion has Sara and Tom to describe the material culture and visual value. They have declared purdah an ancient act of sending in and protecting women in houses and family communication in Europe. The piece of cloth to wrap the body is old too.

The black in it demystifies magical repulsion of evil spirits from their bodies. Persian lands' Muslims were fashionably influenced in Arab for its development into a black burka, but some white and blue in Asian bodies. The purdah to hide and

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leave the worldly affairs is a symbol of spiritual devotion. Sheema does it in a black burka. The city wakes up when she thumbs up to him that she has the money to live. The male beggars are thinned in the city, but he's white skinned Afghan origin old beard and green eyed. He scavenges too. The world's richness has gold particles in the smiths' lanes of sewage, but he does not go there. He offers prayers and gifts scentless flowers. His work the mosques do not maintain, but he does it silently. You know, the practice of silence is common in yogis too. They think to shape their bodies to gain some karma. Her black veil and his white religious headdress or topi or cap and shalwar-kameez should not be perceived the city's intolerance to Islamic wisdom of togetherness.

'I have just a penny.'

Oh! Clumsy you are! Come and eat the lunch. A blue jeans' boy's charity you will love.'

'You are a woman.'

'You are too old.'

I can't beg now.'

'Eat.'

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Both a faqir and a gharib may beg. The gharib is too poor to think to do it to the Almighty. He needs a man to sustain. The faqir is a devotee. He needs no money, no world. I insist upon the difference whenever I come across substantial human bodies of thinkless charmers casting and chiming the magic of the evil disorderliness. She can see the world but can't feel herself in it. The burka has its toughness. She does not know its history, but her body uses it as millions of girls and women have restarted it in the city. I can't talk to her. The religious body wrapper is in the city's fashion.

'Can I wipe?'

She wipes the windscreen quickly and waits to get the reward. She gains it and I lose it, not the money that helps but the energy that my right has. My friend of some muscular strength has just jokingly highlighted the right limbs' weakness today.

'Oh! The hand's perfect. You know, many girls in the city have it common in their kitchens.'

His quietness is an indication of the practice of silence of the yogis doing it for a shape.

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It is silent at this hour of the morning. The veiled are unseen. The mosques' Imaams and Moazzams have just promoted Salah. The birds have just chirped. They will come to the stop.

What if I do it for the government?

Language contours are the determination of the speaker. A mom's speech for a kid and hers for her hubby are enjoyably advertised on billboards and television screens of the city. Is it literary accepted if one wants to remember that the city's motherhood has its contours displayed in a human language? A voice in its absence of sexual translation seduces everyone and everything. It isn't motherly, but it does something to the being of the land and the sky.

Sami's land is Sindh and he speaks English and Urdu. His Sindhi as his native language has its beautiful influence upon the city's. Karachi's cruelty is too obvious in social stratification today. Sami's shalwaar-kameez of mixed fabric and a backpack of a dark black on his right shoulder indicate his carefree lifestyle or a bit politically incentivized space utilization of it for an ideological frame of Islam and its practice in Muslim communities. He is fine and wants to do a public service. 'What

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if I do it for the government?', his bright eyes were helping him nonverbally. He discusses the regular problems of tribal conflicts in Sindh and frequent human deaths. He thinks it should be stopped because the kachcha and the political involvement may make the public officer's life vulnerable. The risk of the language influence upon his Urdu is less likely to deprive him of his rights of speech in the city.

'Sami, the state's weakness may result into disorderliness. You need a quality of life but your act may generate a political mass. An act of our Imam who supports and promotes the religion of ours may generate it today. It was not too evident in a non-mass communication world in the past. A political agency, law enforcement agencies, the commoners and the environment may utilize the mass negatively if the state operation is potentially corrupt. The corruption is a malfunction of some nature. It may be a discord, a disorganization or a disengagement. The punctuality of the Imam and Moazzan is too amazingly disciplined to Sunnah's instructions, but the act may generate the mass for all four parts of the political body of the nation. The birds are happy, I know. The animals frolic, I know. The Sunnah is good. The being of human race may be politically canvassed, digitally developed for a stereotype and intellectually impoverished if the state is weak. Even the water may gain poison if the decision of yours is wrong. The fish die.

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The weak need an enemy to battle. The one who organizes themselves against it or analyzes it may shape an imaginary enemy. The enemy is common. They kill each other.'

'Sir, King Akber wanted to promote a different religion. He had many religious scholars to support it.'

'Why don't you want to go to the States or England? A graduate of English must make an attempt. The States had giants to grow to build its nations, its states, its buildings and its texts and its dissemination. The growth in just two hundred years is unbelievable.'

'I will try.'

'I cannot appreciate the historical texts that you have just referred, Sami. They are in a state of historical deprivation; but, I know, the test of yours may be set this way. A combination, a mushtarka, must not leave its semantic affiliation to a fusion, a mix or a shirk or a mushrik. The minister of yours wants to supersede the power dynamics as you want to understand and write. He may use the gunpowder, the sex, the perversion, the drugs and many cinematic themes for this power. Your mom may not get it, but if you tell her about the deaths in your region, she will understand. A Muslim's richness lies with the difference, not the combinatory oneness. No two are the same. No act

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replicates. No Salah of yours is the same. Today is different from tomorrow. No experience of yours is the same tomorrow. The Muslim leaves shirk. It is by default. The state has its rota, a kind of autorotation. The church was banned. The religion was made questionable in China and Russia and many affiliates. The absence of the religion was a religious act of resistance against the oppressor. The holy texts of the religions were propagated late. Every third person may refer to the textual congruence of life and death in them. The church's religion had lost its semantic affiliation. The mosque may be threatened if you can remember the four points. The Sunnah is not the mosque today. The mosque is a Sunnah. The semantic close-up is weak now. Its Azaan has the words for the affiliation. Pakistan has this Sunnah for its difference with India. Both Hindus and Muslims love everyone and everything. The difference must be appreciated.

'The socialists wanted to reject their religions.'

'The science has its historical influence upon the religions. If the religion is dropped from the life cycle, the scientific belief will be destabilized. A radical red may kill if the state is unjustified.'

A good speaker of Urdu is usually marked and resisted and killed if he does not care for the social abnormal behaviour towards the contours and the social justification in a lawless land of the city. The Nazis were seen doing it against European Jews. The

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language semantic affiliation grows in its syntax. The arrangement is too ready if you want to express. The contours have their physical stress. The being on the land uses the languages, with some regional influence. Sami's Urdu speaker friend has just sensed that the city's populous notion, the commoners', has gone against the Urdu language prestige, its standard values and its educational worth. It is threatened by the masses—the third point. The city's public has more power than its language prestige. 'merai ko rasta nazar nahi aarah.' seems to be a better acceptance of some linguistic deprivation or the shift to a non-standard if he stops at a stop and enquires about the destination.

The cactus

The cactus in the plastic vase is not dead yet. The rooms are closed. The thin western floor open to the university seems to have been closed into them, but it is not gutted in. It is not dead. The citizens are hardly Karachiites. Something that is hard to perceive is not its material development but some space created for a thought to grow and shape into a visual is that they can see and draw a molecule for a motivation. The hands are hardened and the head gets sharp. The limbs sync and the face brightens. The visual at the back of its girl's long shirt is an unseen part of it travelling to the nervous system. The ether is modern Athens combating information for and against it. The language a being has is not seen but achieved from the conception to the birth and the baby to the being. What is it? Why cannot a baby speak it if she is in it? A political notion of it is religious. If something or someone is too near, it is hard to perceive. A good distance is followed by good readers. It is followed in London too. He is not religious but visits the mosque infrequently. The soil has the seashore's dirtiness. It has its green

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above but has come to a brown decay at the point of its roots saved or polluted in it. The water does not evaporate. It has been a week. The sun shines rarely. The world's imaginative canvass' immensity is so great that it attracts its citizens for the conception. She senses through the limbs growing, the head developing and the systems of life establishing in the ether for the hardly Karachiites. What they think and talk, she is saved to collect before her birth.

He has seen the world in its excessive positivity and utter negativity in the midcareer of a hardly professional episode of work here. The world is a material everyone needs for a language. The imagination is its ether in the air connecting the citizens for work and life everyday. The information the body collects is its imaginative muscular movement for a sense that articulates. The language begins its formation now. The sense collecting relationships that she feels to exist are semantically regularized for the world sensed and synced its life practices here.

The motorist's hairy face wearing silent anger has its noise in its old parts with a local PET drinking water of a litre and a polythene bag of food placed at the centre of the hands' handles and after the erect torso. He is slow that he can imagine perceiving before come to write it for the requirement of a

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human placement for a speech order. Why do we need it? Her birth is in the language and the human placement is fancied before and during the development of the body supporting the orderliness of the speech conforming and rejecting and negotiating with or for the world she is with. What is it? This is the physiological similarity that everyone must retain.

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A course

*man ki dunya? man ki dunay saoz-o-masti jazb-o-shaouq
tan ki dunya? tan ki dunya sood-o-saoda makr-o-fan*

It has been a while since I visited the departmental office.

TODAY

The university is encouraging its students and staff to celebrate intellectual liberty in its watered green and hardest old premises. American tech, Indian melody and Pakistan's resistance for its progressive Muslim identity are conflictingly true in the Shakespearean public life practice in the Room M of artistically marooned chair for an annoying professor, many broken wooden ones for two recipients, as old as the notion of innocence of kids doing together, dry dust on coloured childish charts and the footsteps, a sense of a clutter of wisdom and the Islamic cultural practice in the environment just identified by a

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beautifully intelligent girl of the department. Her MPhil course in language assessment has attracted her to a discussion today, on a chair of the place of mine, between the clean black of the smallest kind of a writing board and the poetic lines of Iqbal.

'Asslaamalikum,' she greeted.

'Walaikumusslaam', I replied happily.

'How are you doing?'

'I want to discuss, sir.'

'Yes, sure. '

'I have started the study. My recent courses of studies are critical discourse analysis and language assessment.'

'Language assessment is really good in the conditions we live through. You know, learning is really expensive in cities. We have to come to formal education and learn. It is expensive. Just good tests can affect the lives positively. We have seen it in the developed world. They have international tests for everyone. We can learn, take the test and move to a better world. Has not it been happening with us here?'

'Yes, it has been like this, but the test has a fear for the test-takers. They cannot do it unless they have the motivation. I think

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their fear and lack of language communication are a central difficulty to the testing environment.'

'Yes, it is.'

'The exam phobia.'

'Yes, it is.'

'I think the course objectives can be achieved if I can develop a question addressing this issue.'

'Yes, it is central. A researcher has to have a question to reply to.'

'Yes, it is.'

She is a Kachi-speaking girl working in a governmental office in Thatta and has had to come to study here. She speaks Urdu and English proficiently and is talking elegantly.

'You know, language has its inclusive behaviour in human communication. Its exclusive part is not appreciated. You may have your fears. You have to come to the city speaking a different language. My Punjabi friends want me to speak my language. They think everyone has to have their language and identity.'

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'Yes, it is important. Human communication opportunity may help reduce the fear. The same test-takers may find it reduced if they may do so. They should be allowed to communicate before the test, during the test and after the test. This has exactly happened in your friendship.'

She smiles and gets involved in her discussion with me. 'Human behaviour is not positivism-governed. In fact, not hardly an event of communication is. It is post-positivistic. It gives life opportunities. We have our fears. Noam Chomsky, however, has preferred politics and economic liberty to the identity. The individualistic identity is less important than this global trend of life. I am trying to get to the question development and its placement for my research. I do not know if my course supervisor will accept it.'

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Being honest

'Why is a stereotyped being suspected today?'

'The term is a derogatory remark for a reason.'

'What is it?'

'That the being isn't in the form what he or she is chemically organized for.'

'Is this the reason that everyone wants to be different and is likely to flout the norms for the living?'

'Not the reason but an act of getting out of the trap of the terminological control and its derogatory development into some loss and profit.'

'Yes, the loss is there. I remember a movie released just after the 9/11. The creative team had this labelling for both Islamists and Americans living a downtown life. There were many female Muslims with American identities, frisked and sexually attacked

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by the police. The riots had to cause their flight back to a non-American world.'

'The term has a trigger system, doesn't it? The hot-buttons are important if the sensitivity is caused to be violated.'

'What are they?'

'The being.'

'What is it?'

'The existence and its development into the form of a variation and/or fixation.'

'So, the variation that helps someone move away from the control is not the liberty from its form's fixation.'

'No, it is not.'

'The Muslims are going back to the States and may require the identity of the land.'

'The issue is political volatility, not the form's fixation or the variation. We can't dub this disturbance of political nature as stereotyping. It is hard to be debated here.'

'How can we approach a safe home for ourselves?'

'Many Muslims if not everyone here, are chemically skin grayed to fall into this polarity of the form of the variation and the

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fixation. You know, the cell causes a life. I was reading it in Surah Azzamar.'

'Are they really Muslim then?'

'Who else is? This political degeneration is an issue for Muslimhood.'

'Yes, yes!'

'The hate that we see here may turn into a bigoted, not the being.'

'It is market control, I guess.'

'The strength of the nature, negatively charged, has it in the face of an experience.'

'A medical doctor's in-patient treatment has gone up to a half – million of the rupees. The Almighty's food that forms the body and this brain organically is a hard blessing. The weather's hot today. Is it the Arabic morning in Karachi?'

'The individual liberty is shaped into a certain fashion of habits, hobbies, health conditions and happiness.'

'What is it?'

'The market offers it.'

'What is it?'

'It has the love of colour, compassion, ideas, art and people. An outfit for woman that is sold for twenty-thousand rupees is placed opposite to a twelve-hundred-rupee, low-quality, good

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coloured and printed fabric for the same sex on the eve of a holy month of Muslims.'

'Come on. What is it?'

'The market has everything and everyone. It is at least less dangerous and less expensive truth of human honesty.'

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Friends

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His craziness

Farrukh is a Syedzadai. We were at an STDC's Huts in our life of transition from formal learning to formal doing of a profession of common reasons—education again. He did not allow me to sleep unless he found a three-sit wooden sofa for me. He slept on the floor and I saw him doing it so beautifully. I think I could not sleep but rested my body of excellent workout, just at the bank of the Jheel of Sindhi saints. They were Sindhis. He disliked such things and used to call everything craziness. He loved and lost girls but continued teaching them. Farrukh is in Islamic Qatar doing it reluctantly.

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Love and passion

I don't know why I didn't write about this green-eyed man of love and passion. I am alone at an apartment of a gentleman of the University of Karachi, but Mushahid's presence is as same as it has been since I met him at a big balcony space of the place on the orientation day of our programme of learning. His accurate understanding of Pakistan's historical facts and reasons took him to the UK for a living. The country's dependence on foreign aids is not financial, I guess; it is a matter of lack of successes in the world.

His Hamzaad

Aijaz Hyder or Haider is the most cited gentleman—I insist he is a gentleman even if his colleagues and friends have a negative comment—in five-year academic talks of mine. An artist by design who loves listening to classical music, plays with words and carries the legacy of his father. His father if I could recollect correctly was a proficient user of the languages of Arabic and Persian in addition to his Urdu. He was nicely clad in a dark blue suit on the occasion of the wedding fiesta or just valima. Although I was disappointed to see a thin attendance of my friends in the celebrations, Aijaz came, greeted and left. His couplets, Hamzaad, are an amazing piece of Urdu writing.

Allah kai wali

Laeq and Jamshed are unmatched because of their undeniable roles in the lifestyle's organization. Jamshed's companionship in mosques and at home and Quetta's teashops and his at the old and abandoned shop, Libra, named after my mom's birth star, and the teashops are cherished. The shop was a small private enterprise in a rented, nay a lease, place of almost twenty by eight square feet built over an elevated plain of a water storage plant near a big tree of neem leaves and located along a commercial lane of new constructions of small enterprises affecting the ecology of an old plan of residence of Nazimabad. Asthma, a chronic illness of mine in adulthood, was developed in my lungs in the city's pollution and stress. Laeeq's tea with Nestle's powdered milk helped me breathe in at the weekend or the day that I could not work because of it. Laeeq and I are born Urdu speaking Sindhi. We had to move from Sukkur to Karachi for peace and prosperity. His expression of resentment and

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appreciation Allah kai wali is a material in the mosque when I am
with Jamshed in the city's mosques.

-

Fasih Sheikh

It was a wintry morning of the late eighties in Sukkur. The temperature had dropped to an almost minus ten Celsius. Sweaters and parachuted jackets hardly protected young students from the cold waves. Their dark yellow shalwar-kameez badly needed leg-ins for the lower limbs. Yet, all of them including I were enjoying our regular daily walk of thirty minutes to the school. After the assembly for the national anthem, we had to go to our respective classrooms for traditional learning sessions.

Both Fasih and I were immersed into notetaking. I got distracted to the chubby's unusual act. He kept a cottoned handkerchief between his right palm and the notebook's papers to have his sweat absorbed into. Probably the distraction was a step towards a friendship.

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Sindh(i)

Tahir, Saleem, Nasir Bhai and new friends of Sindh in Karachi have been successfully developing their news shapes of minds. They are pretty as the daughters. Their sons will be smarter.

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Pakistan(i)

Bhawalpur's attractive squadron leader in education core of Pakistan Air Force, Agha Khalil Ahmed, is not just a friend but a source of learning for me. May his soul be blessed in peace! Smart Chitral's son, A Nazeem, is doing a job in France. He spent time with me in a very good room of Institute of Business Management. Dr Hyder's lovely secret support for nice chaps is a memory. His L2L is its manifestation. There are thousands of male and female graduates of many educational institutions and service doing work for their families. The University of Karachi's teaching staff that includes Dr Ali are extraordinarily placed in for a very difficult task of mass improvement in higher education.

Punjab's, KPK's and Balochistan's sons and daughters are in contact for educational improvement.

Prof Kaleem Raza Khan used to smile when he saw me disturbed in my learning years in the disturbing university's environment.

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'I am your chacha, ain't I?', he twitched. He acquired the resemblance but has lost the connection. His place is left at the department of English, mine is different. He helps everywhere in a secret way as Mr Hyder does to nice chaps. His wittiness I am slipping into. Mr Javed Ansari's academic control is still with me. The economic condition of the country is bad but his is not that much. He hardly loves. He loves me.

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POETIC

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My writing hand

My writing hand has built a house
Of hate and love and war and peace
Over decades of labour and learnin' keen
To help birds chirp and chirp and nest
On its red-reed doors and tops seen
As ones fancying a thought of a brilliant mind
Under clumsy hand with knuckles and sears
Fighting the battles of fame, fortune and games
A man's desire to lead and clutch
The tiniest tanneries on this earth
Of crafts left for those faulty heads
That take delight in abbots of fascist's rights
And liberal lefts.

-

The country

It's growing again
On a platform set
Over a thread to ends
Of an urban land.
The country's closed
To reach out those
That a twenty-five years old boy
Of a generation of untouchables
From Indus to the States.
But it's growing
To climb back to communicate a plant's continuity
Over and above an encroached piece paved to walk
To its visitors at and off A340.

-

Picture

Her yellow, young hair
Match the spirit of love
That she shows slowly
To us and her fellows.

The smile's gone up to a disappearance.
Her long hands sleeved into Indian stitch
Clip the gold around the neck
That she lives.

-

Malaysia

They were linking and differing
Bukis and ponds under the skies
Hard as the Malay girls and boys
For a bus plying from a mosque
Central to their secret lives.

I was quietly feeling Ta'tari
At the shop wafting Asia
Red as love and yellow as God
In a thunder and off to a painter
For a stroke on his canvass.

-

The heal

The board's blackened to the bed
Centered on a frosty floor
Of a painted walled room
Open to daylight and its Sun
To his left.

His voice's lost to a numerical one
Who chirp and perch and fight and move
With the unseen heads of some birds and buzaans
Over the brown and green
And in a broken land.

-

The voice to him as the flesh feels
The noise falling into the melody is one.
The skin moves and gains it
Travelling to his head
Happy and sleepy.

'We aren't one.
The birds have wings.
The women are working.
My head sounds ill.
It isn't mine!'

The open door to the bed lets it come
And touch the swollen limbs
Whispering his exhaustion of days and nights.
The Sun heals and goes.
His right has the feet on the floor.

-

A poem

The mind is not possessed.

It is.

She loves talking.

I need it.

What is true to us?

The night's fallen dark.

It is.

The mind is not possessed.

It is.

-

The black

As old as an ancient century
And as unknown as the air's history
was a story of mine
magical to a Syed
speechless
And guided by a saint of Sindh
Telling it to his mistress veiled from sin
That the beauty of black was hard to see the difficult dream.
She recited the holy scripture of the Baqara.
Her white cat jumped and sat at the top
Of the room's door
Too old and close to the bed of theirs.
'I was a white spirit in a black bull

-

Inside the Kaa'ba

Spiritually encircled by

The robes and the religion.

I moved around as the ancient bull of Sindh.

It moved around me.

We synced.'

-

A road

A boy in yellow
Was quietly playing.
The road open to the vehicles at an old gasoline
Was the field under the unloving Sun.

The silence of the summer day was hit by his stick
Plucked grey from a green living.
She drove by and took it to his kick
Her fleshy life in a cool air of the season.

His tenderness was brilliant bright
In the radical layers of their breathing.
The small red mosque's visitors and many

-
Were home snoozing and clean.

Its stones had surfaced to talk
In a sound resisting and imagining.
The stick touched and rubbed
Against the odd he was standing.

-

The moment

Why do we write to say
The word of the past?
Why do we talk to say
The love of the day?
Why do we say to have
The moment He sees?

The blood and its small clots
Turned crimson at the mosque
Are the schoolboys walking by
At the left line narrow dark
In their language of the land
That they could easily sense.

-

Why can't they have a word
To say it they speak?
Why cannot she come out
And knock the century's old teak?
She wears the Indian gold and the marble
The human colour they're given.

The lost tomb's hymns in the air
Are colouring the market's skin
Placed to its deep turning right
They talk to sell
The green grapes and red chilli.
She eats and speaks Sindhi.

The man was dragged and killed.
The gun was snatched and bullets shot.
They talked and fought.
The landlord was quiet
And the language grew a market
The people could group and hit.

-

Why do we delay the word
That challenges them?
Why cannot she come out
And knock the century's old teak?
Why should we say to delay
The moment He sees?

-

It's Christmas

It's Christmas.
The icy eyed
Was I not
When I felt
A face on
This sleepy face?

The white clothes
They were in.
We sipped it
Feel a drink
A tea of
Quetta's cuts.

-
The belief's cut
Into a four:
One's Christ
Crucified
The other is
At odd.

His spirit
Is saved but
The body's gone!
The Baloch smiles
And has the colour
In his eyes.

An Arabic man
Draws the line.
'Jesus is saved.'
I see and stop.
He speaks and drops.

-

19 Jamadul Awwal

The beat's agility in the dark
I have seen
For the gone sprite of mine
This night
Dark but a white
Light on my right
Echoing its female voice
Lailahah illalah Muhammadur Rasullah.
Flakes and the red bells
In a blue liberty.
Love, love and love.

-

A nocturnal experience

When seeing myself
In thy beautiful hands, my impatient Night,
My stifled emotions tinged with aches and pains
Suddenly flood open
And come out in tears
Rolling down the worn face,
Pursuing in dark
The unknown destination of the past.

Then I relax slowly in the delightful languor,
Breathing in freely again
The fragrant waves of the Night—
Dancing and glittering all over her ethereal body
Like damsels of the Day
Sauntering towards the church to pray

-

In such a way
That
Tired shopkeepers in their shops standing still
Feel the exotic scents
Wafting up from their walking bodies
And thus regain
The zeal and zest for their life.

The sensuous silence of gentle air
Gives vitality to my broken breath,
Smothers the heat of the whole day's anguish and futile efforts,
Infusing, again, a new life
Of cognition and creativity.

I caress the Night's hands and face
And fondle the body draped in a cloak of mysteries
To satiate the desperate desires.

The moons and stars
Seeing us embraced so firmly in ecstasy
Shed their tears
Through throwin' their flickering pale light,

-

And sigh and whisper
As if they know the meeting is brief
That would end with the break the distressed Day—
Where the soul and the body set apart,
Flesh flaunts to rule the world.
Emotions, feelings, imaginations—all cease to exist;
Where the heart stops beating,
The eyes turn into stony stares, people selfish, brutal!

The Day is fierce, the Day is callous!
The Day rots my thoughts!
The Day, thou art unjust!

I fear to face the Day
That looms out with dangling, scorching Sun
That gulps down the stars and moons ruthlessly.
Let me live my remaining life with the beloved Night.
'You, my serene beauty, with the creation and sensation,
Water my parched seed of the imagination.
You sprout in my soul
The buds of life and hopes,
Rhyme the unsettled thoughts;

-

You give birth to my wild imagination

After the long Day of chaos.'

Let us live together.

May the Time stop and eternity begin!

May I mediate and reveal thy mysteries!

-

On Palestine

The weak oppressed in the land
And the dusk's crime are in the book.
The man's cries in the air
And the darkening roads're wrapped.
The lights are just switched on.
She has said a phrase:
'It's darkening.'

Words morphed in the brain
And the thought growin' to be wrapped
Are in my book.
The cells he has have synced
To the sorrow of the reason.
The weak's faith's at a bad wrong.

-

'It's they, not it.'

Love's popular in the war and crime
And men fight the wrong ruthlessly
Are seen and read silently.
Saadi's rain drop's shaped a pearl
Wrapped and hidden.
The white clad man's smiled:
'The prayer's mat isn't clean.'

Yet its endless in yellow light
Has Emerson's pale papers white
That the mountains are big
And the squirrel is quick.
They fight and talk.
'Is it a week left for it?'
They fight.

-

On my friend

'Why do we have scrolls of academic achievements?'

She lurks.

I see and follow.

'I want to work and achieve.'

She follows.

I think it is what life offers and our loved ones do.

'Who do we love for?'

She twitches.

I cannot tell but you see it loving like McDonald's.

'It's value.'

She winks.

-

She's gone

On a phone
Was she
Talking.
She's gone.

Her life's image changing
Into fixed morphs
Was seen.
She's gone.

Her Eastern mist
And long labour
Were stiffened.
She's gone.

-

Time's turn
To its forth
Is quickened back and moving.
She's gone.

-

Kind cold

Fading out as the old silent woman's voice
Heard in a whisper of a bright tube's white
On my weak word
With its unseen dark grey false image
Was her presence.

The pink and the shades the village man
Used to see and talk were there,
Slowing down the left and leaving crimson
For a trail
Your laughter may find
And stop.

-

She was safe in the memory
Of kindness, the feeling too common
Amongst the stern and strong tribesmen
Melting down into a country's cage
At the long lands' and waters' borders
Greying powdered locked.

Of all she knew was mine.
She saw and walked the path
I had already stoned and stroked
The mighty heart the bond had grown
For the time you could come
And talk.

The eve's fortune you see here—
My lost labour and her toil—
As the dirty corner of the Queen's
Hidden behind the London's bridge
Is almost gone in February's chill.
Winter's here.

-

Lying its value the golden sky it wore
Was lined to cross and cover the Nature
Open to the religion of right at it
Finding a sneak into a shape
Of my old habitat green inked dried
And shrinking slow.

This dust you see on the silver
Is the mark of a gone soul.
The stump's heavy as the stern sinner
Showing her birth
To beat and come
Every life this winter's promised.

She's here you feel and match
Like a tempered damsel on the mural
On the clean, narrowly long rests
Stoned to save the soul an Indian believes.
Her lie isn't it that I remember.
Truth isn't godly you just hear.

-

'Tis passing as time on the broken blue
Just, just over the windy wall
Of our work she may always recall
And as Sindh's old wooden wheels
On a sticky, slim road for your last school.
This sight fails to stop.

Clumsily was she moving into it—
Of the words the schoolboy will repeat—
The steps' bricks filled with it
She was blue changing into you.
The synaptic sight had written a word
For that had been gone into a kind cold.

-

His birth

Hu Allah uh, hu Allah hu
This wind and the words
By this dark life of magical one
Were flowing.

It was deadly falling
Into a sparkle
At his neurons of birth
Hu Allah uh, hu Allah hu

The momentary loving life
She had claimed to stay alive
Was into the turbans and tribes
Moving their stillness.

-

David's hymn's praying the unity
They were likely to recite—
If His wrath had the illness caused
Hu Allah uh, hu Allah hu

-

Come and grip

The apple is golden.

The nectar is sweet.

The day shines.

Come and grip.

'I am old.'

She said quickly.

Her lips were dry.

The head had grown curly.

Love it is.

Passion it ni'ds.

This nature offers.

Come and grip.

-

'I can't bite.'

She said firmly.

Her tone was heavy.

The eyes were fixed.

Infirmity it is.

Hate it ni'ds.

Walk up to it.

Come and grip.

'The soul needs.'

She said reflectively.

The flesh was lost.

Her fingers were clean.

Life it needs.

The heavens are blessed.

The vintage is here.

Come and grip.

-

She is transmitted

She is transmitted to me,
Not as a soul to partner,
Not a girl to live for,
But a pink birth tonight.

For a moment of breathing
In a whisper when quiet
At the mountain's lane
To a peak of my present.

Tides as a glorious past
Passing in her Eastern eye
Have formed a religion clot
That is eons old majesty.